

McDonald, would walk three miles to church and hear confessions till 11:30 A.M. He would then say Mass, preach and teach catechism until 3 P.M., without ever breaking his fast. In order to take a short cut home, he would sometimes venture to go in a direct line to his house, but had to trespass on the property of a certain Bavarian, who would not permit him to pass, and so he was obliged to make good his retreat and retrace his steps in the direction whence he had come, and then foot it all the way back home again, where breakfast, dinner and supper would, like the shamrock of old Ireland, be made three in one.

When in St. Paul, Fr. Croquet was the sole possessor of an old bay mare, and once the old animal took French leave and skidaddled. Its owner set out on foot in its pursuit, and after trudging about a good deal, at last sighted the old nag in the distance. Hastening his steps and going close up to the animal to make sure of its identity, the good priest remonstrated with the wayward beast for deserting him, but after the old nag promising not to abandon him again if allowed plenty of oats and hay, held out its head for the halter, and he was brought back a prisoner. Meeting Dr. Brentano on the way, who had a brain-box inventory of all of Fr. Croquet's worldly possessions, he explained to him how he had lost and found his old bay mare. "But Father," exclaimed the doctor, "your's was a bay mare, but that animal is not a mare, but a bay gelding." To his great amazement the poor priest was convinced of the reality, and being told in a jocose way that he should return the animal at once to its lawful owner, the priest very scrupulously restored it.

Now that Fr. Croquet is about to celebrate his golden jubilee, it is to be hoped that the good old Father will be made to feel once more young and happy by the clergy, religious and laity

of Oregon, among whom he has spent thirty-five long years, and through the blessing of God we wish him a much longer life in peace and happiness until it shall please God to call him to Himself.—*Senex, in Catholic Sentinel.*

### THE MONTH OF MARY.

BY WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

Ah May, sweet May! when fragrant lilies grow,  
And sweeter waters kiss the streamlet's side;  
When modest flowers 'neath the hedgerows hide  
And purer airs from brighter heavens blow,—  
'Tis thine, with prayer and joyous hymn to show  
How men revere the dove-like, peerless bride,  
Who went with Joseph from the temple's pride  
To dwell in peace among the poor and low.

'Tis thine to bid the odorous blossoms spring,  
And breath their incense at her queenly feet,  
As eloquent though mute love tokens, meet  
For trusting hearts before her shrine to bring—  
As censors, whence our undefiled love  
May rise in perfume to the Queen above.

### DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The fundamental rule of the homage which we offer to the Blessed Virgin Mary and the saints is that it must ultimately be referred to God, and our eternal salvation. Otherwise it would not be an act of religion, but an expression of mere human courtesy, which the saints, who are full of zeal for God's glory, would not accept from us. Our devotion to the Blessed Virgin would be useless if it did not tend toward our union with God, in order to possess Him eternally. True devotion comes from God, and leads to God. It extends itself to the saints, without being separated from the source of all sanctity. "For other foundation no man can lay, but that which is laid; which is Jesus Christ."—*I. Cor. iii.* Let Him be the foundation of our devotion to His Holy Mother.

We are not able to honor our Blessed Lady adequately, since, through her, Jesus has come to us. Oh, how great, how sublime was Mary's vocation! God